

helter skelter by femmesteve

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Summary:

Steve, desperate to win Nancy back and willing to do anything to do so, concocts a love potion from a recipe that he read online. Billy, obnoxious, booze stealing fiend, accidentally drinks it instead. Oops.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I'm a wiccan, but no actual magick is going to be in this fic lol. Just fun stuff and some angst stuff and of course, some sexy stuff. I'm posting two chapters to start you guys off and then updates will be weekly. Fingers crossed.

Tumblr: @FemmeSteve

Steve wasn't interested in witch craft in the slightest. The only taste he'd had of the practice was of that in mainstream media. He'd never considered looking into it before. Until, he got desperate enough. His google search history looked like it belonged to a love sick, emo middle schooler and not that of a young man of his age. Eighteen, for Christ's sake. Too old to be reading forums on how to mend a broken heart from 2005.

Nothing was working. He was still hurt, and Nancy was still happy without him. It'd been seven months and he still wasn't over her. He figured that if he couldn't fix himself, maybe he could fix her instead. It was a selfish thought, but he saw it through. He bypassed all psychological reasoning, advice on courting a lost lover, he was past all of that shit. He was looking for a quick fix. Something like magic.

Funnily enough, magic is exactly what he found. Or, *magick*, rather. According to /r/Witchcraft, his lost love could be swayed back in his direction. With the help of a little cocktail. Steve didn't even think of how ridiculous and humiliating it was as he printed out the recipe. He'd try anything. Nancy was his once in a lifetime true love, and she *had* to see that somehow.

It seemed harmless enough while he was actually making the thing. All of the ingredients were edible and the concoction was a lovely pink color. When he dropped a lock of his own hair into it is when he begun to have second thoughts. The hair broke down immediately and dissolved. Fascinating, but concerning.

He was desperate though, right?

Steve put the potion into a mini water bottle, the kind that goes into a kid's lunchbox and can fit into your jacket pocket. That's exactly how he transported it to the party. In the pocket of his NorthFace like an asshole.

Jonathan was supposed to tag along, but he ended up having to watch his younger brother until nine o'clock. He said that he would catch up with them afterward, but Steve was really hoping that he wouldn't. Going to the party with Nancy was his only chance for his plan to work. That is, if it even would.

They were having a good time. You would think that it would be awkward between them, but it wasn't. Nancy treated him like her best friend, because she was an amazing person. Steve felt like shit, but when Nancy practically thrust her drink into his hand to hold while she stepped outside, he just couldn't waste the opportunity. He knew that she was going to call Jonathan, which was what motivated him to whip the bottle out with lightning speed and dump it into her red cup. It mixed with the red liquor smoothly.

Steve shoved the empty bottle back into his pocket and allowed himself to emit a heavy sigh. He could feel himself shaking. He felt like a kid trying to speed through a task before their parents caught them. God, his mom would faint if she knew what he was trying to do. He tried not to think about that.

Luckily for Steve, the perfect distraction from his problems had arrived. Billy Hargrove, in all of his obnoxious, asshole glory. Anybody could hear him before they saw him. He was so fucking loud, like he would die without the attention of everybody in the fucking room. Billy was obviously drunk. It was obvious because he was treating everyone like his best friend. Even people he hated. Unfortunately, that included Steve.

"HARRINGTON!"

Steve wanted to curl up on the floor and hide under the rug. His grip on Nancy's drink tightened slightly as Billy approached him, all smiles and greasy hair. He licked his lips, and slung an arm around Steve's shoulder.

"Aw, buddy," Billy said too close to his ear, "Let me help you out here," He snatched the half full cup from Steve before he could protest, downing the contents, "Jeeee-sus. Whoever made the punch is a goddamn sadist," He hissed.

Steve was mortified, but calmed down quickly. The comment about the punch indicated that the whole thing was a crock of shit. He hadn't needed Billy to be his test dummy, but he was glad it happened. He wanted to laugh at himself. He felt so fucking stupid.

"Christ, Harrington," Billy spoke, dropping the cup on the floor so he could grab Steve's face in his hand, "You have *unbelievable* eyes."

Steve snorted and tried to shove Billy's arm off of him, "You're so lit, man," He said.

"No, really!" Billy grinned like they were sharing a joke, but his hold on Steve tightened, "Your eyes are gorgeous. Prettiest I've ever seen,"

Steve swallowed hard and his smile fell. Billy was staring at him, lips parted as he analyzed Steve's face like it was nothing he'd ever seen before. Steve felt the panic settle in then. He shoved hard at Billy's chest with a scared grunt, watching as Billy drunkenly fell back.

There was no fuckin' way. Billy was plastered. There was no way that shit worked. No way in hell-

"Steve?" Nancy was back, a frown pulling down her delicate lips as she observed the two boys, "Is he trying to fight you again?"

"No!" Steve laughed nervously, "Actually- I'm going to take Billy home, if that's okay? He's way too drunk to drive himself," He said, nodding as though to convince himself.

"Oh-" Nancy had came with Steve, but Joyce got home soon. Jonathan could come get her, and she thought it was kind of nice? That Steve wanted to help Billy, "Okay, I guess. Be careful!" She warned.

"Yeah, right, Nance, have a good time!" Steve said, slinging an arm around Billy and beginning to urge him away.

Steve could feel his heart trying to jump into his throat. If he was right and the potion had worked, there was no fucking way he was leaving Billy like that. He had to keep Billy as far away from other people as possible. He had to stay with him while he found a way to reverse the shit. If Billy sobered up and didn't act weird anymore, that was that, but if he KEPT acting weird... Steve will probably vomit and then lock Billy in the bathroom while he searched for a reversing potion. Good plan.

Billy didn't protest as Steve took him out the front door. He looked kind of dumb, passively letting Steve drag him out on the lawn.

"Did you drive?" Steve asked.

"Yeah-

"We'll come get your car tomorrow," Steve said, opening the passenger door for Billy to climb into his own car.

"Okay," Billy shrugged, and THAT was insane.

Billy would NEVER leave his car behind at someone's house. Especially not with a hundred teenagers, half of which hate his guts, and probably wouldn't think twice about fucking with it. Getting into the car with Steve was weird, but leaving his own car behind was crazy out of character.

Steve slammed the passenger door shut and leaned against it with his head in his hands. He was trying to regulate his breathing, listening to the muffled thump of the base from inside the house. He could not fucking believe what was happening.

Billy Hargrove was acting weird.

It could be his fault.

2. Chapter 2

Steve was suddenly glad that his parents left him alone every weekend. It made the task of tugging a drunkenly singing Billy up the stairs so much easier. He was guiding him from behind, though he was almost certain that if Billy fell backwards, there was no way in hell he'd be able to catch him without falling too.

"GOT IT BAD, GOT IT BAD, GOT IT BAD,"

Steve shouldn't have let Billy control the radio on the way home. He'd been singing Van Halen for the past ten minutes and Steve was just about ready to throw him out. He needed him, though.

"Little girl from Cherry Lane," Billy cooed, crooking a finger under Steve's chin with a large grin.

Steve shied away and shoved Billy through his bedroom door. He was going to make Billy sleep the booze off and then go from there. What else could he do?

"Your rooms a shit hole," Billy muttered as he kicked his boots off.

That was promising, Steve thought as he shrugged out of his jacket, "Shut up and get in the bed."

"I thought you were taking me to my house, Harrington," Billy said, sounding coy as he sat on the bed, "Tryna get in my pants so soon?"

"God, you wish," Steve rolled his eyes, trying his best to pretend that Billy was attempting banter. NOT flirtation.

"Come lay with me," Billy said, now settled under the covers and with his head propped up on his hand.

"No, that would be weird. I'm sleeping downstairs on the couch, if you need anything-"

"I need you to come lay beside me," Billy said, "I can't sleep in new places."

Steve let out a long sigh and considered his options. The faster they sleep, the faster Steve can see his experiment through. As long as they don't do any gay shit, Steve will stay sane. He groaned and turned the light off with more force than necessary.

"Don't touch me," Steve hissed as he climbed into bed beside the blond, face hot.

He turned away from Billy and shut his eyes tightly.

...

When Steve woke up, he nearly fell off of the bed. He hadn't been expecting to turn over and find Billy staring at him. He frowned and shoved at Billy's chest,

"Creep! Why didn't you go downstairs?" Steve said.

"You're cute when you sleep," Billy responded with a shrug.

"CHRIST!" Steve exclaimed, sitting up to hold his face in his hands. He couldn't believe this shit.

"Ow, watch it," Billy hissed, "I have a headache."

Steve resisted the childish urge to scream in Billy's face and settled for glaring at him instead. Billy just stared back, looking a little like a kicked dog. Steve couldn't help the annoyed sound that left his throat. What kind of idiot just takes a drink that isn't theirs?! This is all happening because Billy Hargrove is a huge asshole. This is all Billy's fault.

Steve got out of bed, ignoring the fact that he was still in yesterday's clothes. He was making coffee, and then he was going to get to the fucking bottom of this. He could hear Billy trailing behind him after a moment.

They had coffee and cereal for breakfast. It was super weird sitting across from Billy in the kitchen, but Billy wasn't phased at all. He seemed happy to be there. It was disgusting and WRONG. Billy Hargrove would not just have breakfast with Steve Harrington. He couldn't take it anymore.

"You drank a love potion that was meant for Nancy," Steve blurted out.

Billy stopped chewing to give Steve a curious look, followed by an amused smile, "What?" He asked, laughter in his tone.

"That's why you're acting freaky. I don't know if you've *fucking* noticed, but nothing you've done since last night has made sense. You left your car at Miranda's house, you said I have pretty eyes, you were SINGING to me last night- THIS MORNING YOU CALLED ME CUTE-

"Well this fucking sucks," Billy hissed, realization hitting him, "This *fucking sucks* because I can't get mad at you!"

Steve narrowed his eyes, "Why the hell not?"

"Because you drugged me!"

"IT WASN'T FOR YOU!" Steve yelled, clearly irritated.

"Well, I guess I'm Nancy's knight in shining fucking armor! Took her roofie for her!" Billy said.

"It wasn't a roofie," Steve said softly, dropping his head into his hands again, "I just miss her so much-

"It's your fault I feel jealous right now. You better stop talking about that bitch right *now*, Harrington-

"Don't call her that!" Steve shoved his chair back and stood up, "I'm going to google how to reverse this shit. Don't fucking leave," He commanded.

Billy felt something shift inside him as he watched Steve turn around to leave. He was pissed, and hungover, and he wanted Steve so bad. Only half of his brain was functioning in a way that deemed correct. The other half was teeming with Steve. As he sat and thought about it more, it made sense. He hadn't had a fucking crush on Steve yesterday. He hadn't even looked at Steve's eyes until last night.

Billy got up from the table and started to stomp up the stairs after

Steve. He was at his computer table, looking like a mess. He looked gross, with matted hair and yesterday's clothing. Billy felt gross for still wanting him.

Steve looked up at Billy, and made a noise of discontent before looking back at his computer screen. Billy didn't like that. That was wrong. He turned Steve's chair toward him and grabbed his face,

"Look at me, please," Billy said quietly, "Just look at me,"

Steve slapped Billy's hands away, and Billy grunted before grabbing Steve's wrists, "Look at me!" He demanded.

"I'm looking!" Steve yelled back, breathing in angry huffs through his nose, "What the hell do you want?! I'm trying to fix this!"

"Stop trying," Billy sounded pathetic, he hated himself for it, "Stop trying, just look at me-"

Steve screamed when Billy kissed him, flailing in the confines of his computer chair. Billy pressed him against it, holding his wrists tight as he sealed their lips. It felt right. It stopped the fluttering in his chest and stomach and made his brain stop buzzing. Eventually, Steve stopped fighting and let Billy kiss him, hot tears of anger spilling down his cheeks.

Billy pulled away after what felt like an eternity, staring at Steve's ruddy, wet face with half-lidded eyes. He reached out and thumbed away a tear, his breath trembling as he exhaled. Steve looked as though he'd been betrayed.

"I didn't want that," Steve said softly, feeling his throat tighten, indicating that he was about to start sobbing.

Billy released Steve's wrists, instead pulling him into his arms. Steve's arms hung limp at his sides as Billy hugged him, letting him cry. He was so pissed off at the both of them. He couldn't wait for everything to be over.

3. Chapter 3

Billy stared, and stared, and stared. Steve could feel his eyes on the back of his neck, and he was pretty sure that he was slowly going insane from it. His search was still futile so far, and Steve was becoming more frustrated by the minute. Why the hell weren't there any credible reverse love potions?!

Steve shoved his chair back away from the desk and groaned. He needed a break. He turned around to look at where Billy was laying on his bed with his arms tucked behind his head. Freeloader.

"We're going to get your car," Steve announced.

"Can I drive back here?" Billy asked, and Steve visibly cringed.

"Dude, whatever," Steve muttered back, swiping his keys from his bedside table.

Miranda's yard was still trashed when they got there, and Steve wasn't surprised to find that Billy wasn't the only one who left his car there the night before. They left quickly, not wanting to run into anyone. Steve didn't want to deal with other people at all. He definitely didn't want to have to explain why they were picking up Billy's car together.

Steve took a weird comfort in pulling into his own driveway and hearing the purr of the Camaro behind him. He was a little glad that he didn't have to be alone at home all day. Even if he was spending his Saturday trying to reverse a love potion.

His appreciation for Billy disappeared when he got out of the car and was greeted by the blond practically dragging him inside the house. He was breathing heavily, with wide eyes. Steve was pissed, but he obviously wanted an explanation.

Billy swallowed hard, fingers curled into Steve's jacket, "This is so fucked up," He breathed, "On the ride here it started again. My head and stomach started hurting and I fucking knew it was because I wasn't touching you,"

Steve started to shy away, but Billy held fast, pressing him into the door. He nuzzled Steve's neck and breathed in shakily, seemingly trying to find himself again. Steve was happy to deal with that, until Billy started kissing his neck.

"Dude, fuck off!" Steve exclaimed, trying to shove Billy away.

"Steve-" Billy pushed him back again, pressing their bodies together, "Be still-" He sighed out, lipping at Steve's flesh. The feeling, the fucking taste of him was driving Billy up the wall. It made him dizzy and steady all at once.

Steve grew still with a defeated noise. He had a grip on the crook of Billy's elbows, but it was no longer for the purpose of pushing him away. It wasn't that bad. It just felt like someone kissing your neck. Someone unwanted, maybe, but nonetheless.. Steve hadn't felt affection like that in so long. It actually felt kind of good. The attention.

Billy was practically whining, breath hot on Steve's wet skin as he tasted. Steve closed his eyes and let his head back a little, throat catching as Billy took the opportunity to latch onto the front. He was losing and it sucked, but he couldn't deny that he was becoming interested. His dick was a dead giveaway, hardening steadily inside of his pants.

His face grew hot and he tried to break away, but it was too late. Billy had taken notice and was now still himself, gaze alternating in his confusion. Steve was embarrassed, but he was also desperate. He needed this from Billy. He needed that attention back.

Steve grabbed Billy's face in his hands, looking him in the eyes despite his burning shame, "Help me," He said softly, feeling his eyes start to sting, "Help me forget her. Make it go away- make me forget her," He pleaded.

Billy caught his lips in a ferocious kiss that knocked the air right out him, teeth sharp and digging. Steve couldn't help the gasp that ripped from him, his surprise granting Billy access to ravage his mouth thoroughly. Just like that, Steve began to ache. He began to think about release, human touch and the chance of intimacy and suddenly

he was desperate to have Billy.

Steve began to pull Billy upstairs.

...

When Steve woke up, it was dark outside and Billy was staring at the ceiling. He smiled when he noticed Steve, uttering a soft “hey.”

Steve felt guilty. He’d taken advantage of Billy’s state, and even after everything he’s done, that was pretty fucked up. Billy’s smile dropped when he noticed Steve’s lack of one. Steve jumped to right that, taking Billy’s hands in his.

“I’m going to take a potion too,” Steve blurted out, unable to look up and gauge Billy’s reaction, “Then it’ll be fair.. I think? We won’t care. We’ll be...in love?”

Billy laughed, “What happened to finding a cure?”

Steve quirked his lips, “I don’t think there is one. This is a better plan,” He said.

Billy wasn’t opposed. Steve didn’t think he would be. He was right, it would be fair, and more importantly, Steve wouldn’t be lonely anymore. Everyone wins. Sort of.

Billy was hesitant to let Steve cut his hair, but he gave in eventually. Steve took it like a shot, all in one go like Billy had. Except, his didn’t have the liquor. He waited.

Steve dropped the cup when he felt it. A surge of affection and appreciation. Of awe, and desire and undying, sickly stupid love. For Billy fucking Hargrove. He broke into a stupid grin, laughter bubbling from his chest as Billy began to catch on.

They laid back down, tangled in each other and desperate to be closer than any two humans could ever be. Steve felt happy. He felt how he expected to feel when he finally got Nancy back.

...

Steve woke up again at six in the morning to find Billy putting his boots on in preparation to leave. Immediately, Steve felt alarmed. Billy couldn't leave him, he'd fucking die! Billy knew that!

"Where are you going?" Steve asked quickly.

"Home to change. I got work," Billy said with a shrug, "Hell of a drug you gave me, Harrington. I'd never been so fucked up for so long in my life," He whistled and then laughed.

Steve, admittedly, began to fucking panic, "Don't leave me," He said softly, "You can't leave me."

Billy blinked slowly, "I have work," He repeated.

"But the potion!"

"The drugs," Billy corrected, "Are out of my system. I'm sober. And I have work in an hour," He stood up.

Steve scrambled out of bed and gripped Billy's arms, planting them both to the spot, "I love you, asshole, you can't leave!" He was starting to cry. Again. Things couldn't stop going wrong.

"Steve. You're high. Go back to sleep, I'll call you later to make sure you're not dead," Billy assured him, before leading him back to the bed.

Steve went down easily, even as he began to sob. Billy cast him a pitying look before leaving the room. Steve could hear him going down the stairs. When he heard the front door shut, he screamed. He couldn't help it. He felt insane and Billy was fucking right, his stomach was starting to hurt.

What kind of shitty love potion only lasted two days?!

4. Chapter 4

Notes for the Chapter:

what the fuck is going on

When Billy was finally able to pick up his phone on his lunch break, he was a little irritated to see that he had two hundred missed calls and text messages from Steve. Some of them were just exclamation points, copied and pasted in the hundreds. He was going to just clear them out, but a part of him felt weird about it. He didn't remember anything that had happened the past two days, save for really good sex, presumably with Steve, and snippets of a party on Friday night. Steve was probably fucked.

Billy called him. He told himself it would be short, just to check on him, and then he would silence his phone and eat in peace. Watch MTV or something. Forget about it.

Steve answered on the second ring, and he sounded wrecked, "Billy, I need you," His voice was strained like he had been screaming too loud for too long, and every breath he drew in was loud and ragged, as though he had been crying. Screaming and crying. Because Billy left.

"I can't just leave work," Billy said, trying to reason. He really couldn't.

"Everything hurts," Steve sobbed.

Billy closed his eyes and listened to Steve cry for a moment, trying to figure out why it was so hard for him to just hang up. He didn't usually put up with this shit. Not from people he slept with, and sure as hell not from Steve fucking Harrington. What if he was having some sort of gay crisis? Losing his mind because Billy fucked him or something... Or, did Steve fuck him?

"Did you fuck me?" Billy asked.

"I don't remember," Steve blubbered, "I can. I will, I'll do whatever

you want,” He said.

Billy exhaled loudly, “Steve, can you stay calm for another four hours?” He asked.

“No!” Steve hissed, “I’m pretty sure I pissed myself because I’m shaking too hard to get out of bed. I’ve been laying here since you left, it’s like I’m going through heroin withdrawal or something!”

“Don’t fucking move,” Billy said, ending the call before Steve could protest.

...

Steve obeyed. He didn’t even turn over, just stared at the wall and clutched his phone as he shivered and held onto his stomach with his free hand. The potion was wreaking hell on his head, and hours of crying had turned it into an excruciating migraine. He hadn’t really pissed himself, but he felt like he could at any minute. He was pretty sure his stomach was eating itself at that point. And his pits and mouth stunk. He felt worse than he had ever felt in his life.

When he heard the Camaro crawl into his driveway, he felt energy shoot up his spine. His feet tingled when they hit the floor, and he promptly fell over. The front door slammed open and shut downstairs, and Steve brought himself to sit up, arms stretching for his own door. Billy beat him to it, flinging it open and almost whacking Steve in the face.

Billy dropped to his knees, concerned, but recoiled once he got close. Steve whined and reached for him, but Billy stuck his arm out,

“Dude, you reek!” He complained.

“Don’t leave me,” Steve responded pitifully.

Steve took a shower, but only because Billy promised to hold his hand as long as Steve held it outside of the curtain. He made him hold his hand while he brushed his teeth too. Billy started to back out when Steve complained that he had to pee, but Steve almost had a heart attack, so Billy just faced the wall.

Billy thought his job was done when Steve was clean, but Steve sitting was apparently a full time job. He ended up letting Steve hold onto him while he ate fruit snacks, aware the entire time that Steve was watching him like a hawk as he chewed. Scared that he would leave again.

Steve, no longer a human sweat ball and fully satiated, went right back to the bed, dragging Billy with him. He let Billy strip the gross sheets, but not to go and get new ones. The mattress was good enough. He had to stay.

“Kiss me, now.”

“No.”

“Kiss me.”

“No.”

“Why don’t you love me anymore?” Steve asked instead.

Billy looked down to Steve’s face on his lap, watching him chew on his pinky nail and look up at him with syrupy, drugged eyes. It almost made him shiver, the weirdness of it. It was stupid how he was so calm just from him being there. He was an invalid an hour ago. Now he’s demanding kisses and asking mind fucking shit in the most disgusting, sweet voice. Billy was going to fling himself out of a window.

“Steve, are you fucking insane?” Billy asked, gripping Steve’s face tightly in his hands, hard enough to hurt, maybe, “You’re pissing me off.”

Steve smiled and let Billy manhandle him, eery eyes trained on his face. He only had eyes for him. Billy felt sick.

Steve pulled at Billy’s hands with his own until he let go so that he could hold them instead. He laced their fingers together and sat up, facing Billy with his legs stretched on either side of Billy’s hips.

“How long do you think until you love me again?” Steve asked softly, “I can wait a long time. I just have to see you every day. You can’t

leave again, that was so mean. It hurt me so bad.”

Billy felt his stomach lurch. This was some Lifetime shit. His own Lifetime special. Steve was going to murder him. Lay down with his corpse and have a fucking tea party or something.

“What if I have to leave again?” Billy found himself asking, the words coming too quick for him to backtrack.

Steve’s smile fell. He could remember a lot of things. He could remember the pain of losing Nancy, and then the relief of having someone to replace her. The pain of having her replacement leave. The excruciating pain of a mere five hours without Billy. The bliss he felt when he was able to touch him again.

“One of us will have to die.”

It was quiet for a moment, but then Steve remembered something else.

“You stopped loving me after two days. Maybe, it’ll be the same for me,” Steve said, and he watched the discomfort melt away from Billy’s face. He beamed and leaned forward to kiss the corner of Billy’s mouth.

“Just be really sweet to me for one more day.”

5. Chapter 5

Notes for the Chapter:

This ending is so dumb. I had several things planned but I could feel my liking for this fic burn out so. It's open for interpretation I guess. Don't lynch me.

Another day with Steve came and went like a catastrophic storm. Billy fell asleep sometime at one in the morning with Steve wrapped around him like a cobra. Steve's bed was way too big for even the two of them, and yet he chose to sleep so close.

Steve woke up far away from the blond. He shot upright with a grunt and shoved at Billy's sleeping body, irritated to find that he was still there.

"Why are you in my bed?" Steve asked, voice a groggy grumble as he glared, "You're not still in love with me are you?"

That woke Billy up quickly. He sat up and grabbed Steve's face in his hands, heart rate speeding up. His chest had grown tight with excitement, his body eager to be free.

"You're not still in love with me, are you?" Billy questioned in turn, eyeing Steve's face wearily.

"No," Steve said dryly. He wasn't happy to be manhandled so early in the morning.

Billy mashed their lips together quickly, before pulling back to gauge Steve's reaction, "Feel anything?"

"Ugh! No!" Steve hissed, digging his nails into Billy's wrists.

Billy ignored the sting, practically slamming their faces together for another quick kiss, "Nothing?" He asked, "No mushy heart? No love sick, psycho thoughts?"

"Nope," Steve wrenched away from Billy's grip, "I still hate your guts."

Billy grinned and reached for Steve again, shaking him by the shoulders, "This is awesome news," He said, "You're not high anymore, and I can go the fuck home,"

Steve furrowed his eyebrows and stared at Billy's grinning face. He wondered why he got to remember all the embarrassing stuff he said under the potion and Billy didn't. Billy said pretty goddamn embarrassing things, and all he could remember was what Steve had said. Asshole. Steve got to remember it all.

"Glad I could be apart of your little bicurious, drug experiment, amigo," Billy joked with a light slap to Steve's back.

Steve could feel his face start to burn a little. He felt weird all of the sudden. Was Billy really going to leave after all that? A sense of dread began to fill Steve's chest. He didn't want Billy to go. Even after all the disaster. The reason why Steve had done it was to fix his first mistake. To make them both happy. He should have known it would go sour like everything else in his life. Now, Billy was going to leave him alone. Like Nancy. Like he did the morning before.

Steve could feel that he was about to do something stupid again.

He moved forward to curl his arms around Billy's neck, bringing himself closer to the ecstatic blond, "What if it wasn't an experiment?" Steve asked softly, trying to keep the blind desperation out of his voice, "What if it was.. An awakening?" He flinched. He sounded stupid.

Billy seemed unphased. His expression read as though they were still joking around.

"Do you feel woke?" Billy asked, voice teasing.

Steve laughed awkwardly, "Uh, yeah, I do actually."

"Did you somehow discover your sexuality in the midst of your bad trip?" Billy was no longer smiling, but his tone remained light.

"You didn't test me right," Steve responded idly, avoiding the question.

He wasn't sure if he liked boys or not. He just didn't want to be by himself. He needed time to fall in love. In the meantime, being close to a person is good enough. He could have sex with Billy without the potion, he already knew that. Whether he had awakened a hidden gay part in his brain wasn't relevant at all.

"Like this," Steve said, pushing their faces together again. It was a proper kiss, not a childish smush like Billy had attacked him with.

Billy separated them with his palm on Steve's forehead, "Is this supposed to test whether or not you like guys now, or what?"

Steve felt his face fall. Billy's tone had changed. Was it not working?

"Do you want to stay for a little bit?" Steve asked, avoiding the question once again, "My parents are coming home around five, but we can--"

"Are you still high?" Billy asked, grabbing Steve's face to study his eyes, "Were you trying to trick me or, something? This is so lame,"

"No!" Steve responded, "No, I just.." He closed his eyes, feeling embarrassed, "Don't want to be alone."

Billy groaned, releasing Steve's face so he could reach for his phone. It was only seven in the morning. Eleven hours was a long time to hang out with someone you didn't even like.

"I'll leave at ten. Lay down," Billy said gruffly, falling back onto the mattress, "We can just watch YouTube or something."

Steve was quick to comply, squirming under Billy's arm so that he could see what he was doing on his screen. Three hours. He supposed that would be alright for that day. If he spent a little time with Billy every day, maybe they could fall in love naturally. Steve could focus on something that wasn't Nancy.

"I didn't know you watched Jenna Marbles," Steve pointed out.

"I don't. Max must have used my phone or something..." Billy muttered, scrolling past his recommended quickly.

“I like her,” Steve said softly.

Billy glanced at Steve, but didn’t linger. Steve felt himself smile. So stupid.